

GOVERNMENT BY EMOTION HAS HAD ITS DAY; NOW FOR A BUSINESS MAN

LET US hope that, whichever party wins in November, there may be an end to government by emotion. For many years now, reason and careful planning, thought of consequence and care for the people's money, faithful adherence to tested and tried American principles, justice and equity as among all citizens, have been absent from the seat of government; their place has been usurped by emotion, vague promises and appeals, and reckless political gambling with the nation at stake.

There is the greatest need for a return to rational ways and sane policies. There is need for a thorough revision of the government establishment, the cutting out of useless bureaus, the curbing of squandering, the scrutiny of estimates, the testing of results.

El Paso is contributing \$18,000 a day directly toward the expenses of the government at Washington; this gives an idea of what interest each of us has in bringing about a change, and in insuring that government money shall be spent wisely, and that the drain of funds from the country for national government purposes shall be controlled, and limited to actual necessities.

While some increase is to be expected as a result of the war, the tendency to reckless extravagance is accountable for much of the drain, and that must and can be curbed. Fortunately for the country, a business man is to be elected president for the first time in the nation's history. Among the 27 presidents there have been representatives of many different callings, but most have been professional men and none has been a "business man" in the common sense of the term. This year, whether Harding or Cox be elected, we shall have a business man for president, a man who has had to make his own way in the business world under the common conditions of business life, a man who has worked for wages and who has employed labor, a man who has had to meet a great variety of business problems; furthermore, since each is a newspaper publisher and editor, we shall have a man who by reason of his calling has had to cultivate broad general knowledge of affairs, and whose business success has been dependent on the many-sidedness of his sympathies and the safety of his judgment.

Government by emotion is played out. This country needs above all else a sound business man at the head of it, who will bring into his councils other men of thorough familiarity with the conditions of commercial and industrial progress. America and Americans can be trusted at all times to give due regard to the things not of purely material significance, and either of the candidates for president will possess the necessary gifts of popular leadership in that direction. But the gift of business management and business leadership is of special value at this time to a man who would be a success as chief executive of the great republic.

The secretary of the navy went to the Democratic convention on a battleship while his wife circulated her effusions under a government check. But we can be thankful that the smart sayings of the president's grandchildren are not printed in the Congressional Record.

In advertising a reward of \$100,000 for the capture of Villa the Mexican government might make it clear that some of it will be paid in money.

Sending missionaries to the Buddhists is proper from our viewpoint, but let the Buddhists send missionaries to us and see what happens.

The thief who stole a hen from a Montana home should be, if caught, sentenced to use it in the cotton fields.

If the Mexican government ran the gambling dens itself it would get all of the proceeds instead of merely a part.

It is about time the ouija board were predicting that an Ohio newspaperman will be next president.

When a man suddenly disappears it is usually from, to, with, or on account of, some woman.

If there is no other excuse a woman will come down town to see her husband at work.

They hold you up in Mexico, but they don't blame the European war for it, anyhow.

There are folks who have never seen a saloon.

Few of us realize how much we are tolerated.

Beware, Now, Of The Summer Widower

By HELEN ROWLAND.

WHO is this, my daughter, that cometh sighing at the sad wind through the cypress? Who is this, that greets thee with the mien of a pall bearer and the face of a martyr?

Who is this, that clasps thee hand for comfort, and gazeth into thine eyes in search of sympathy? Lo! it is he, the LONELY HUSBAND!

Yes, it is HE, the "summer widower" whose wife hath left him with only the cat, the empty cup and the outlin-board for diversion.

Yet, he holds how subtle he hath grown with the years. For once upon a time, he celebrated his wife's departure with festive feasting and loud huzzas, crying: "My wife's gone to the country—Bury!"

Once he boasted of his "freedom" and bragged of his "independence." Once he went forth boldly, in search of safety and adventure, arrayed in his spiciest vestments and his gaudiest cravat.

But the daisies of the city turned away their heads and smiled, saying: "Poor simp! He is as a school boy who has just heard the bell ring for recess. He yearns to get into mischief. He longeth to break all the rules. But why? He has no sense time upon him, when the land is full of alibi!" He is giddy with it!

He speaketh sweetly of his wife as one of dead and departed. He speaketh of her as "the dear old girl," in consenting to have pity upon him.

He pleadeth with her to "be kind to him." He reveleth in his own misery, and greatly enjoyeth his sufferings. Yes, he is SO sorry for himself!

And so, the "summer widower" smiles by his pleadings; he that was adamant as a rock, and as hard as steel, is now as soft as butter. He is a "summer widower" who is giddy with it!

Verily, verily, every woman yearneth to "bury" her "summer widower." And he that hath succeeded in winning her sympathy may be assured that in time her heart will follow after him.

Then beware of the summer widower, my beloved. For he is SO sorry for himself! And it is most that the lonely husband be pitied, not that he be PERSED!—Copyright, 1919, by the Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

If I Had My Life To Live Over Again

I WOULD come to El Paso sooner than I did this time and grow up with the town—William R. Blair.

I probably would live it as I have, not knowing of anything else. But if I had the power I would make many changes and I would try to make my life better and cleaner in every way—S. W. Williams.

What would you do? Tell it to The El Paso Herald.

THE young lady across the way says this has been a very hard year for the bees and no wonder maple syrup's so high.

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How Cities Get Water

IN THE days of Rome when modern machinery was unknown, aqueducts were built that carried water farther than the Scheldt dam to El Paso. Rome was supplied with water by about a dozen aqueducts, built at different periods. One of the first of these was the Aqua Appia and was 11 Roman miles long. It was built 500 years B. C. The Aqua Marcia, built about 140 B. C., was 60 miles long, of which 6 miles was above ground on arches. The Aqua Tepula, 11 miles long, was carried half its distance on arches which were not only above ground, but were superimposed on the arches of the Aqua Marcia. The emperor Hadrian built an aqueduct which is still in use. All over Europe and Asia are to be found tunnels and long aqueducts supplying large centers with water.

During the middle ages the building of canals, aqueducts, and tunnels for conveyance of water for domestic supply became a lost art and it was resumed only about 400 years ago. One of the finest aqueducts of modern construction supplies Marseilles France, with water. This canal, 87 miles long, connects the river Durance with the Mediterranean. Water is carried from this canal to Marseilles over the river Arc by the magnificent masonry aqueduct.

In England the Thamez aqueduct supplies the city of Manchester with 50,000,000 gallons of water daily, bringing it from lakes 96 miles away. Of this length 14 miles consist of tunnel. Liverpool, England, is supplied with water from northern Wales, delivered through an aqueduct 63 miles long. The fall of 550 feet is so great that at intervals along the aqueduct the pressure has to be relieved by interposing equalizing reservoirs.

There remains an aqueduct at Mexico City built by the Spaniards, which supplied that city with water for centuries. Three of the world's largest aqueducts feed New York City. One of the greatest in the world is the Catskill aqueduct, which brings a water supply from the Catskill mountains, and has a capacity of 600,000,000 gallons daily. It is 92 miles long. Longer than any of them, of course, is the aqueduct that supplies Los Angeles with water. This is 233 miles long. Winnipeg, Canada, has an aqueduct 100 miles long.

These are but instances of what man can do. Getting abundant water for the El Paso of the future is our biggest municipal job. But it can be done, and the whole problem must be carefully and continually studied.

No Time To Lose

CATERPILLARS are getting into the trees along the county road again, and so far nothing is being done to control the pest. Last year the brutes devoured many of the trees, and since no effectual means were taken to save the trees, this season's crop of destroyers is going to be several times more numerous than last.

If trees are stripped of their leaves two or three successive years by caterpillars, the trees die. The trees along the county road were planted many years ago and it has cost a good deal to bring them to their present growth. The people who drive along the road enjoy the vista of the tree lined avenue, and the shade is grateful to many wayfarers. There is all the time a popular demand for more trees.

Now for want of a little care and activity, it appears the county commissioners are going to let the caterpillars work their devastation among the trees that are worth so much to the people, and that belong to the people. The cost would be small, to fight the pest. A few squads of laborers with kerosene torches would do the work at this stage, when the webs are forming and the great horde of destroyers is not yet turned loose to prey on the trees. A little later the plague will spread out of control, the trees will be stripped of leaves, and many will die.

Cannot the county commissioners lay off of politics for a few days and fight the caterpillars?

The truest thing to life is a passport photograph.

Much may be done in those little sheds and patches of time that every day produces and which most men throw away.

—Cotton.

Found Her Fortune

In a Cup of Coffee

By FRANCES L. GARRIDE.

ALICE POOTE MACDOUGALL is the world's most successful coffee importer in the United States. She has a business of five thousand dollars a month on a few packages of coffee sold in half pound tins.

She had a husband who was a green coffee importer, and who, when she was a girl, was a very successful business man. He was a very successful business man, and she was a very successful business woman.

She was left a widow with three children and thirty-eight dollars, the business having failed. She spent the money on her own coffee, and she was a very successful business woman.

She found that her customers liked her blend, and she made this part of her work a profession, and soon was selling many pounds in pound and half-pound packages, not scoring even an order for a quarter of a pound.

She gained new customers by circulating, and though this is no longer necessary she continues to send out five hundred circulars a day. She has added tea and cocoa, and now has three thousand regular, direct customers and sells to over one thousand institutions. Her business has grown so large that she has recently opened other stores to handle her goods.

It was her idea to blend the coffee with the customer's taste consulted, and to sell to that customer only what he could afford, no order being too small to receive the closest attention. She has a big business that was built up on faithfulness to sell orders. It was a good idea. She has proved that it pays.

Why not make your own?—Copyright, 1919, Thompson Feature Service.

ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS

DINE AND HEAR SPEECHES

The Electrical Contractors' association gave a dinner Thursday evening at Mason Hall.

Following were present: Charles C. Lane, James E. Jordan, N. R. Starnes, Edward W. Schrader, D. S. Murray, C. E. Hagelmeier, F. D. Dobinski, C. D. Kunkel, Alvin H. Warren, R. W. Boerger, Gustave H. Caldwell, David Moore, R. M. Saunders, A. Albrecht, S. J. Milliken, W. H. Grandover and J. L. Dunn.

A number of short talks on electrical matters were given.

THE Pacific

By WALT MASON.

THE great Pacific ocean enjoys a well earned fame; avoiding vain commotion, she plays her placid game. Day after day her waters roll by with dove-like ease, while I and other squatters lie dreaming on the shore. No wild and angry breakers snarl the brownest cliffs; no busy undertakers search on the beach for stiffs; for there's no wrecks or ruin besides these gentle waves, and there is nothing doing in storms and sailors' graves. The weary old Atlantic that swats the eastern coast is nearly always frantic, a rough house in its boat. It rears around and thunders, and throws a hourly fit, until a water wonders just what is eating it. Its rage is terrific, and boisterous its fun, unlike the mild Pacific that slumbers in the sun. I am a judge of oceans. I've studied them for long; they fill me with emotions that find their vent in song. And these Pacific waters my wearied soul enchant; they please my wife and daughters, likewise my maiden aunt.

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SCHOOL DAYS

Copyright, 1920, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate. By DWIG



Little Interviews.

New Ostrich Feather Boom Means Much To Arizona Men; El Paso's Paving System Highly Praised By Pecos Visitor

J. W. FLEMING, who is feeding the night against illicit liquor traffic in this district, and who is a brother-in-law of William S. McDonald, used to have an ostrich farm in Arizona before the war killed the ostrich feather industry. He has a rough feeling since the ostrich feathers ceased to be in demand. While many of them were unable to weather the long period when there seemed to be a market for feathers, Fleming kept the birds in the firm belief that women would once more call for the feathers with which to decorate their hats. There are many thousands of dollars in feathers stored now waiting for the new demand, and only those who were unable to hold out during the period of inactivity will have a total loss in their investments. "The ostrich business became a mighty discouraging proposition, and many cases of great black, when they became nonproductive, means of income were killed and fed to hogs. Ostriches that had been assessed by the state of Arizona, at a value of \$150 each were sold for \$10 or whatever they would bring, and were thrown away. Fleming brought \$150 a pound wholesale, sold for little or nothing. "The ostrich industry was a mighty lucrative one in the old days, and a big crop of ostriches, that would pluck from 40 to 50 feathers a year, was not overvalued at \$100. Because of the short supply of birds on hand at present, feathers during the coming winter will bring good money as the demand increases."

"For its size and population, El Paso has the best paving system of any city I have visited in the west," said L. H. Russell, of Pecos. "I have recently had occasion to visit some of the larger towns west of the Mississippi river and I have not found the general conditions in paving as good as here. I have seen some of the city paving and the magnificent drives in the upper and lower valleys, which tend to draw the attention of tourists. Some time ago when I first came to this part of the country, I drove into El Paso for the first time from the north. When we hit the pavement north of the city, the driver said, 'This is the best paving I have ever seen.' In a few minutes you will see a real interesting city. I have found that to be true to every way. Now, if El Paso will go after some more manufacturing interests, it will be in a fair way to become more the leading town of the southwest."

"I am glad to see that at last the city authorities have noticed the fact that the railroads disregard the traffic on streets in our business section, which are crossed by their tracks," said Walter Kenna. "The decision of the chief of police to arrest crews of track-laying blocks traffic more than five minutes is a good one, in line with other good policies which J. B. Montgomery has adopted since being named police chief. On the night of July 1, I stood for 15 minutes waiting in a fair way to become a victim of the street crossings on North Oregon street. Automobiles and street cars were backed up for two blocks north of the tracks and a full block south; it was during the evening rush hour. Two brakemen spent the entire 15 minutes sitting on the edge of a car roof and laughing at the clamor raised by motorists sounding their horns. With three minutes of time these brakemen could have 'cut' that train and let the traffic through. I have seen Chief Montgomery stick by his ruling."

Bedtime Stories For The Little Ones

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE DISHES. By HOWARD H. GARIS.

ONE evening, after supper had been eaten, the little Wigwags were sitting low where Uncle Wiggily Longears, the bunny rabbit gentleman, lived, with his mother, Mrs. Wiggily, and his two sisters, Miss Wiggily and Miss Wiggily. They were all sitting at the supper table, which was washed.

"Goodness! I wonder who that is!" spoke Miss Wiggily. "Wiggily, who is that?" asked the other Miss Wiggily. "I'll go see," uttered Uncle Wiggily. He went to the door and looked out. He saw a man in a suit and a woman in a dress. He saw a man in a suit and a woman in a dress. He saw a man in a suit and a woman in a dress.

"I didn't know you had left any more here," said the bunny, trying to speak bravely. "Well, perhaps it would be more proper to say I have come for your supper," chuckled the Skee. "For I am going to nibble some off your ears."

He made a grab for Uncle Wiggily. The Skee did, but the bunny jumped back and the Skee knocked down the floor the slippery cake of wet soap. He slid under the sink.

"Oh, the man and the Skee, who could he be when he washed. 'I didn't mean to do that. Wait until I pick up the soap, and then I'll get your supper for myself.'"

He reached for the soap, the Skee did, but he slipped on the soap. He reached for the soap, the Skee did, but he slipped on the soap. He reached for the soap, the Skee did, but he slipped on the soap.

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Patter And Chatter

By S. R. KISSEL.



LOVE SONG.

COME, lovely one, and let us wander under the leafy shelter, breathing sweet and musk; There is music in the thunder That rumbles from far spaces through the darkness.

The little creatures chirp along the fences, As free as ever from all worldly cares; They don't sit back and fret about expenses, Love still is first in all of their affairs.

COME, sweetheart, let us tarry from this fretting, And cease to care what others think or say; There's joy in silence, gladness in forgetting, Where love trips blithely on, to show the way.

Let's leave the jangling and the noise and dangle, And wander for a precious hour in blissful freedom from the things that trouble, And still whisper pleasant words to you.

COME, lovely one, and say that I may guide you Far from the trampled places and the glare; No waiter will be listening these be-side you, Or handing me a sticky bill of fare, Out yonder where the spaces are so clear, Fill floor the words to make my meaning clear; At present prices it is too expensive To waste a moment in love-making here.

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Ye Towne Gossip.

Registered U. S. Patent Office. By K. C. B.

RIGHT IN front of me.

AT THE Polo grounds.

WHEN I was back east.

THERE WAS a man.

AND HIS wife.

AND HOW I knew.

THAT IT WAS his wife.

WAS BECAUSE.

THAT ALL the time.

SHE ASKED questions.

AND HE ALWAYS answered.

EXCEPTING ONCE.

WHEN BARE Ruth came.

AND STOOD at the plate.

AND SHE asked.

"WHY IN the world.

"DO THEY call him Babe?"

AND HE said.

"BECAUSE AT one time.

"HE WAS a baby."

AND SHE said.

"ISN'T THAT strange?"

AND HE said.

"I'LL SAY IT is."

IN a tone of voice.

WHICH I interpreted.

AS MEANING.

"IF YOU don't keep still.

"I'LL KILL you."

AND AS I've said.

BABE WAS at bat.

WITH TWO on bases.

AND HE swung once.

AND MISSED.

AND THE grandstands.

AND THE bleachers.

WERE SETTING tight.

ON THE very edge.

OF THEIR seats.

AND NOT breathing.

AND THE pitcher.

WAS WINDING up.

AND THE great Babe.

WAS WAITING.

AND THE man.

TOOK A grip.

ON HER husband's coat.

AND TUGGED it.

AND SAID.

"LET'S HAVE dinner."

"AT A restaurant."

AND JUST then.

BABE HIT the ball.

FOR THREE bases.

AND THE man.

TOOK HIS straw hat.

AND SMASHED it down.

ON HIS wife's head.

AND I think she thought.

THAT HE WAS serious.

ABOUT THE reporter.

I THANK you.

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EL PASO HERALD

DEDICATED TO THE SERVICE OF THE PEOPLE THAT NO GOOD CAUSE SHALL LACK A CHAMPION, AND THAT EVIL SHALL NOT THRIE UNPUNISHED.

H. B. editor, editor and controlling power, has directed the Herald for 22 years. J. G. Wilmers is manager, and G. A. Martin is managing editor.

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